Slugs, Snails and Puppy dog tails

by 8BeautifulChaosGirl8

Summary

Sammy knows her brother has something she doesn't. She just not quite sure what it is.

At the knock on the door Bobby cocked his shotgun. Old habits die hard and he’d been attacked by too many creatures to let it slide. “Who’s there?”

“It’s John! C’mon Bobby the kids are cold, let us in”
Bobby cracked the door open and hurled holy water.

“Aww, Bobby!”
Bobby opened the door all the way and aimed. But it was just John, with Sam on his hip and Dean at his side. And now a wet face. Sam giggled and clapped.
“Bobby splash Daddy!”

Bobby sighed and clicked on his safety, setting his gun away from sticky fingers. “Well then come on in”

“Welcoming as ever Bobby. Here, take Sam so I can dry my face.”
Bobby grinned, extending out his arms. Sam lunged forward into them “hi unca bobby!”

“Hi baby girl! You and your brother been behaving for your daddy?”
“Yes sir” Dean said flatly, setting his bag down on the table.
Bobby frowned. “You alright boy?”

“Dean’s just very tired. I couldn’t find a motel to stop at on the way here” John, now in a dry shirt, came over to his son and laid a hand on his shoulder.

“You want dinner first or you just wanna go to sleep?”

“I’m not tired.” Dean insisted, rubbing at his eyes.

“Me neither!” Sam declared. “Down, Uncle Bobby. I want down!”

Bobby set her down and she rushed off to the bookshelf were Bobby kept a selection of children’s books.

“Sam finds it a lot easier to sleep in a moving car.” John explains, seeing the look on Bobby’s face. He smirked turning back to Dean “Go chill out on the couch bud. You can put one of your ninja turtle tapes on”

Dean perked up, jumping up to follow his sister into the sitting room. He jams one of the tapes in and settles back on the sofa to watch it. Barely 5 minutes into it he dozed off. John smiles, gently removing his shoes and draping a blanket over him. He and Bobby moved Sam into the kitchen so she wouldn’t disturb him, setting her picture books up at the table. Sam currently had her nose stuck in one about animals

“Uncle Bobby, what’s a gan-der?” Sam asks, sounding out the word.

“Careful, Bobby that’s a loaded question. You answer one she’ll ask a thousand more” Bobby smiled, stirring the mince around the pan. “A gander is a boy goose Sam”

“When do geese live?”

“Well I’m not sure. Why don’t you see if your book has the answer” She scanned the pages for a moment. “What’s this part of the duck called?”

John looked over “That’s a rooster Sammy. You can tell by his big tail”

“Nuh-uh. Only horses and doggies got tails.”

“Only horses and dogs have tails.” Bobby corrected gently

“C’mon Sam, you know lots more animals with tails. Fish have tails. Mice have tails” John prompted.

“And monkeys and tiggers!” Sam added gleefully.

“See, there you go. You’ve got it. You’re a tail expert” Bobby opened a can of chopped tomatoes, adding them into the mince.

“Let’s see what you know Miss Expert” John winked playfully, taking the book from her. “Do elephants have tails?”

“Yes”

“That’s right. What about… dolphins?”

Sam thought for a moment “Yeah!”

“Right again. Okay, what about people? Do people have tails?”

“Uh-huh!” Sam nodded an enthusiastic yes

John and Bobby looked at her, baffled. John chuckled. “Nope, sorry sweetheart. People don’t have tails”

“Yes they do!” Sammy insisted with all that confidence you only have at 5.

“Really? Who do you know with a tail?” Bobby asked, setting the mince aside and starting on the spaghetti.

“Dean.”

John chuckled. “Sammy that’s silly. Dean doesn’t have a tail”
“Does to! I seen it, it's right here” Sam points between her legs.

John and Bobby freeze and turn to look at each other. Then they both burst into laughter, much to Sam’s confusion.

“Why are you laughing?” she asks, all wide eyed.

John bangs on the table, face buried in his arms and shoulders shaking. Bobby wheezes and wipes his eyes. Both are giggling like idiots. Dean, roused by the noise, wanders into the room.

“What’s so funny?”

This sets John and Bobby off further until they are howling. Dean looked to Sam, hoping she could explain but she’s only getting more and more confused.

“Stop laughing!” Sam gets to her feet, upset “It’s not funny”

Both men try desperately to catch their breath. When John sees that his little girl is close to tears he forces himself to stop.

“Sorry, Sammy. But that’s… that’s not… that’s not Dean’s tail”

“What? My tail?”

“Yes” Sam whirled round at her brother, clearly exasperated “the one you hide in your pants!”

Dean colours right to the tips of his ears and Bobby loses it again, cackling like a howler monkey

“That’s it! I’m not sharing the tub with her EVER again!”

He stomps out of the room and Sam, who’s terrified that he’s angry at her, follows him crying that she’s sorry. John finally sobers up, following his children out. He sends Dean to his room to cool off (and recover from his mortification) and takes Sam in his arms.

“No, leave me alone. You’re mean to me. You made Dean mad” Sam tries to wriggle away

“I’m sorry I laughed Sammy. That was very naughty of me. I promise not to anymore. It’s just that you made a little mistake”

He takes a breath, wishing he could remember when he and Mary had had this conversation with Dean. He was hoping to put the “girls and boys are different” talk off indefinitely but ce la vie.

She’s still a little confused at the end but knows the proper words for everything and which parts are and aren’t private, which touches are good and bad. John figures everything else can wait. Thankfully the “where do babies come from” question doesn’t get asked

He feeds Sam quickly and sends her to bed so she won’t ask Dean awkward questions at dinner. Poor kid was only just mollified with the assurance he would find this all very funny one day and that neither he nor Bobby would mention it again. Of course that didn’t mean John couldn’t laugh about it in private.

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